

INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

E. O. McILWAIN, Acting Director of
Sunday School Course of the Moody
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LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 24.

JESUS TEACHES BY PARABLES— THE GROWTH OF THE KING- DOM.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 4:21-34.
GOLDEN TEXT—The earth shall be
filled with the knowledge of the Lord
as the waters cover the sea. Isa. 11:9.
DEVOTIONAL READING—Isa. 11:9-10.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—
MATTHEW—Matt. 13:24-30 (v. 21, 22).
LUKE—Luke 17:20-22 (v. 21, 22).
ROMANS—Rom. 1:16-17 (v. 16, 17).
1 CORINTHIANS—1 Cor. 3:6-7 (v. 6, 7).
2 CORINTHIANS—2 Cor. 4:6-7 (v. 6, 7).
EPHESIANS—Eph. 1:3-5 (v. 3, 4).
COLLOSSIANS—Col. 1:6-7 (v. 6, 7).
1 TIMOTHY—1 Tim. 3:16-17 (v. 16, 17).
2 TIMOTHY—2 Tim. 1:10-11 (v. 10, 11).
TITUS—Tit. 2:11-12 (v. 11, 12).
HEBREWS—Heb. 4:14-15 (v. 14, 15).
JACOB—Jacob 2:1-3 (v. 1, 2).
1 PETER—1 Pet. 1:23-25 (v. 23, 24).
2 PETER—2 Pet. 1:5-7 (v. 5, 6).
1 JOHN—1 John 2:14-17 (v. 14, 15).
2 JOHN—2 John 1:10-11 (v. 10, 11).
3 JOHN—3 John 1:9-10 (v. 9, 10).
JUDAS—Judas 1:1-2 (v. 1, 2).
REVELATION—Rev. 21:1-3 (v. 1, 2).
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus telling a story
about sowing.
MEMORY VERSE—Jesus advanced in
wisdom and stature and in favor with
God and man.—Luke 2:52.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—The importance
of small beginnings.
Jesus is now revealing to his disci-
ples the kingdom in secret which they
were later to reveal in public. Nothing
which he now reveals should be
hid, and he is also teaching that, if
we do not use that which is committed
to us, we lose it.

I. Hearing (v. 21-25). It is an ob-
scuration resting upon each of us who
has the light of truth that he should
not set it before men that it can be
seen that men may be enlightened,
cheered and served by it (Matt. 5:14-
16; Phil. 1:15-16). The secret things
of our lives will be brought to light
some day. Ears are given with which
we are to hear, and possession of hear-
ing involves the responsibility as to
what we hear. "The Gospel is the
power of God unto salvation to every
one that believeth" (Rom. 1:16). But
believing comes through "hearing"
(Rom. 10:17). In this there is a mis-
sionary suggestion for our teachers,
but there is also a caution as to what
and how we hear. "Take heed what
we hear." Many today are being swept
into all kinds of damning heresies
because they do not follow this
warning (2 Tim. 3:1-13). Not only are
we to be good listeners, but we must
be doers as well (Jas. 1:22). This
parable of the lamp follows closely
upon the parable of the sower in
our last lesson. "God, who first cre-
ated light, and Christ, in whom was
life, and the life was the light of
men," both together are ones whom
we are equally obliged to see, and
hear and obey. To impress the duty
of this seeing, hearing and using of
light upon his disciples, Jesus reminds
them of some familiar things. A can-
dle is not placed under a bushel nor
under a bed, but on a candle stick
where it may be seen of all. If our
virtues go not forth from us, it will
be as though "To him that heareth
light shall more be given." (v. 24)
but for him that hath not and seeth
not, from him shall be taken. He
that hath not is he who neglects his
opportunities, and "from him shall be
taken even that which he hath." In
this we see a spiritual multiplication,
and also a spiritual subtraction, de-
terioration.

II. Growing. (1) Secret (v. 26-29).
This is a parable of faith and hope.
Found only in Mark. Again the good
seed is referred to, but in this case
the unseen growth receives the emphasis,
for the seed will spring and grow up,
though we know not how. It is com-
forting to think that, if we sow the
true seed, it grows while we sleep
(v. 27). The best selected seed (the
holy word) is essential for results. All
of our seed must have this silent pe-
riod for growth. It is the earth that
brings forth the fruit of herself
through the energies and powers with
which God endows it. These powers
are wonderful. We do not understand
them, but there is order and symmetry
in growth. First the blade, then the
ear, and after that the full corn in
the ear. Then is the harvest, the
purpose of the seed having been ac-
complished. Mark alone gives us this
parable, and it is given in close rela-
tion to the parable of the sower and
of the wheat and tares. Jesus is the
great harvester (v. 29), and knows the
right time to reap the grain, the mo-
ment when it is "ripe" (v. 29 R. V.).
When he putteth in the sickle.

(2) There is also a marvelous out-
ward growth of the kingdom (v. 30-
32). There is the closest relation be-
tween the parable of the mustard
seed and the two parables that pre-
cede. In Matthew the parable of the
mustard seed is used in relation to the
kingdom of heaven, which is the
sphere of the Christian profession.
Here it is used of the kingdom of
God, which is spiritual. Why is it used
of both? The explanation, according
to Doctor Scofield, lies in the fact
that the kingdom of God in this age
and the kingdom of heaven have this
in common, that from an insignificant
beginning they had a rapid growth.
If the abnormal growth of this
common garden shrub illustrates di-
vine increase, why is it not more glori-
ous? There is not here anything
like the greatness of the Assyrian and
Babylonian empires. (Ezek. 31:3-10;
Dan. 4:20-22). Is the significance
of the bird good or evil? Great Baby-
lon, the figure of a professing Chris-
tian, body in guilty connection with
the kings of the earth, becomes "a
page of every unclean and hateful
bird" (Rev. 18:2). The "mixed"
condition of the kingdom of heaven has
brought together diverse elements of
good and bad.

WEST VIRGINIA PATENTS.
As reported by H. E. Dunlap, patent
lawyer of Wheeling, W. Va., the Pa-
tent Office records show the recent
issue of the following patents to West
Virginia inventors: A. J. Lilly, Glen
Morgan, electric switch; J. R. Fletcher,
battery, ironing-table; R. L. Ferchen,
Cameron, casting-head.

CHESTERS TELL

(Continued from Page One.)

curate—had his spoon in the midst
of his dessert, and left it there; we,
discussing ways and means to make a
French oyster taste like an American
one, had turned toward each other,
and continued to look each other fixedly
in the eye.

It was the voice of the siren!
Time was when the rise and fall of
that piercing whistle would bring
back a favorite picture of a crack
hood-and-ladder company racing to a
fire, with three beautifully prancing
horses dashing proudly down the
middle of Fifth avenue, and the traf-
fic spreading quickly to the curbs, and
a black and white coach dog, with his
mouth wide open, and his eyes bulg-
ing, and his ears flying straight back,
and his tail stiff as a poker, running
like mad ahead of the horses, barking
with every lung in his body, and
thinking that he was responsible for
the whole thing.
A siren will never mean merely
that to us again.
This time it was like the raising of
a curtain on a far different scene.

We were in London.
It was five o'clock in the morning,
and we were asleep in one of the big
Piccadilly hotels.
I didn't hear the siren.
When I awoke, the big guns were
booming everywhere.
Bang! Bang!
Bang!
I listened attentively and made an
accurate guess.
"Kiddy!"
"Yes," came a quiet voice out of
the dense darkness.
"Oh, you're awake. Well, here it
is."

"No."
"Yes, it is! It's the Zep!"
"Really?" A soft hand slipped
over from the next bed and met mine
half way. "What do we do?"
"I don't know."
Silence for a moment, while we
considered that delicate question—
that is, silence on our part, though
outside the mighty fulsome increas-
ed, and a sharp whizzing shriek in
the air, followed by an explosion, told
of a descending bomb near by.

It was a curious sensation, that of
lying in a snug bed in the dark with
a bomb likely to pop in on one at any
instant.
"I was about going back to sleep,"
came the quiet voice out of the dark-
ness. "My first thought was that it
might be zeppelins, but I wouldn't
believe it. We're so used to subway
blasts at home, you know."
I laughed as I got out of bed.
"It does sound natural." I com-
menced; "but I'm sure is an air raid.
Don't show 'em light." I threw on a
robe, and went to the door. The hall
was dimly illuminated as usual, and
two young women with robes over
their night attire hurried along the
corridor and into their room.

They were giggling!
Bang, bang, bang, bang, boom,
boom, boom! went the big guns;
whizz! went the bombs. I came in-
side and turned on the lights; and
was met with the natural question:
"What do we do about it? Any-
thing?"
"I don't know," I puzzled. Listen-
ing to the echo of an explosion that
was louder and closer than any of the
others. We looked toward the win-
dows longingly. It was against the
law to open curtains or shutters even
so much as a crack.
I think I'll ask the clerk about
it," I decided, and took up the phone.
"Very well, sir," came a bored
voice over the wire.
"What does one do in the case of
an air raid?" I inquired. "We're
strangers here."

"Oh, yes, sir," he drawled. In a
tone which was totally disinterested.
"I was just about calling you, sir, to
say that, since you're on the top floor,
you might as well come down, if you
like."
We looked at each other thought-
fully, and in the minds of both of us
there was again the lively knowledge
that at any moment a bomb might
come crashing straight down through
our room. It was an indescribable
feeling, that tremendous imminence
of an unseen danger, and I will not
say that there was no such thing as
fear in either of us. I do know, how-
ever, that there was an instant brace-
ing of the spirit to meet that fear, so
that it should not degrade us, nor
shame us in our own eyes, nor ham-
per actions. And it did not. I am
trying to be accurate about this, try-
ing to set down as correctly as pos-
sible the workings of a normal mind
under unusual conditions.

"We'll dress, I suppose," observed
the quiet voice, and the possessor of
it was already lacing her shoes.
"I think so," I replied. I was mak-
ing sure of passports and letters of
credit and money, in case anything
should happen to the room while we
should be gone.
We dressed completely, went into
the "all and rang for the elevator,
but by the time it came, we had an-
other idea:
"Can you take us up on the roof?"
"Not any more, sir," smiled the
elevator man. "It's forbidden by the
police. But I can take you up where
you can get a good view."

So in place of going down, we
went up, and out of darkened win-
dows looked into the sky, where a
dozen powerful searchlights crossed
and recrossed right over our heads,
against the brilliant moonlight.
"There's one of the beggars right
above us," remarked the elevator
man, lowering his voice to a half
whisper, almost as if there might be
some danger that the "beggars above
us" could hear. "The searchlights
have been hunting him for half an
hour, but he's high up; two miles or
more."

There came a streaking flare
st right down through the sky.
An incendiary bomb, and it blazed
up where it hit, not over three blocks
away.

As if angered, the big guns on Lon-
don Bridge and the huge French 75s
along the Thames, increased their
booming with redoubled fury.
No chance to get the Boche at that
height, but they could keep him from
coming close enough to make an ac-
curate guess.

What trace of apprehension there

had been in us had disappeared,
though we were closer to the danger
by being out from under the piles of
sandbags which protected the main
roof.

And there seemed to be no fear in
the elevator man.

It was unreal, unbelievable!
Out there was the beautiful clear
sky, with the moon shining brightly,
and the stars beginning to pale in the
first faint gray of the dawn.

The searchlights, centering over us
to find the "beggars just above," seem-
ed like a show of some sort.

It was monstrously past compre-
hension that in this beautiful sky
there hovered machines, guided by
human malevolence, which were
dropping bombs deliberately meant
to deal death and destruction to us
and all about us, to kill and maim
women and children, and the ill at
wounded in the hospitals!

The view was too limited out of
those narrow windows and between
the slits of buildings, so we went
downstairs.

Only a few people, and those most-
ly from the top floor, were in the big,
dim lobby, and no one seemed particu-
larly perturbed.

We asked if we were permitted to
go outside. Oh, yes, we might. The
authorities would rather we would
not, on account of flying debris; but
there was nothing, really, to prevent
us.

So we went.
Wonderfully mysterious those Lon-
don streets at night; weirdly dark,
the shaded street lamps, in tangled,
diminishing perspectives, casting
downward their cones of luminous
mist, and vague, shadowy figures fit-
ting silently into and out of the light-
ed circles; gaunt, dim cabs, with
their drivers swathed into shapeless
lumps, formless, plodding carts and
wagons, silent and motionless "Bobs-
bies," huddled early risers shuffling
almost invisibly to and fro on a thou-
sand missions of their own, and, now,
silent little groups here and there,
faces upturned.

Nothing to see.
The airships were so high up as to
be invisible; they were not even
specks in the clear sky. Presently,
too, the booming of the big guns be-
came more intermittent, and finally
ceased. The air raid was over. Ever,
and no great damage done!

The siren sounded again in the
streets of Paris, only a few seconds
after that first warning, and the cur-
tain slid slowly down on our London
memory, as the lights were dimmed
in our decorous French restaurant.

The waiters came away from the
door, smiling and shrugging their
shoulders, and the head waiter low-
ered his hand.

He considered it his duty to laugh
extravagantly for the reassurance of
his guests, and did so, though it was
entirely unnecessary.

The French officer who was en-
tertaining his family exchanged a
smile with them, and resumed pour-
ing the wine.

The young English officer lit a new
match, and the pretty girl took up
her silver laugh where she had left
it off, with a curious effort to begin
again with the inaudible echo.
The American contractor observed,
"Probably a false alarm," and set
down his river and put a bridge
across it.

The French banker, his eye twink-
ling with amusement at the excessive
hilarity of the head waiter, tasted his
dessert and found it good, and we put
lemon on our fat, round oysters.

There seemed nothing else in par-
ticular to do.

Nowhere in particular to go, for
one place was as safe as another; and
if anything were to happen it would,
and if not, not.

No single diner left until he had
finished, no one went to a window or
a door.

Of course it had been a false
alarm.

One of the alert French gendarmes
of the air, far towards the border,
had heard a strange engine way over-
head, and too far inside the line, so
he gave the alarm for the chase, and
a mistake in signals had treated the
city to a long obsolete thrill, in spite
of the fact that the raiders are
scarcely likely ever again to reach
Paris.

The buzze sounded "all clear" in a
short time after the warning, and the
vigilant airman, who never cease to
circle above their precious Paris,
flashed their comforting lights as
they whirled and dipped and tobog-
ganned in the limpid moonlight air.

But the thrill had no depth.
The world, with such tremendous
things at stake, has long since ceased
to care about such trifles.

The incident only served to bring
up the everlasting puzzle of: Why
does the Boche do it!

His tremendously expensive raids
have no military or strategic value,
and it can only be that his clumsy
mind can give the absurd theory
that such people as the British and
the French, who have proved their
staunchness by a heroism which will
be epic in future history, could be
frightened by a goblin—a scarecrow
in a field!

We have not been among the Brit-
ish so much, but we were with them
in one visitation, and know that
there is nothing but bravery in them;
and as for the French, whom we
know much better, "it is to laugh."

Fear, as a basis of action, seems to
have gone out of the universe.

At least it is not to be found in
France, for fear is individual, and the
Frenchman, dear as life may be to
him, no longer lives for himself.

It is but a part of a great, daunt-
less nation which is proceeding stem-
ward toward the accomplishment of one
clear and fixed idea; France is will-
ing to endure again all the deprivation
and the agony which she has en-
dured in the past, to fight bravely
and to bravely suffer, to pour out her
treasure and her blood in an unend-
ing stream, without complaint and
without one faltering in her sublime
courage, until the foul and hideous
monster of Prussian militarism shall
have been driven forever from the
world!

(More Tomorrow.)

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FRATERNAL NOTICES

Knights of Pythias—Mountain City
Lodge No. 48. Meets in Third floor,
Fleming Bldg., Thursday evenings,
7:30. P. H. Hall, Master of Finance;
R. C. Miller, K. of R. and S. Marlon
Lodge No. 21. Meets at Market and
Merchant streets, First ward, every
Tuesday evening. Monumental Lodge
No. 201. Meets in Pythian Lodge
room, Barrackville, every Tuesday
evening.

Woman's Benefit Association of the
Maccabees—Marion Review No. 30,
meets every Tuesday evening, Mac-
bee hall, Main street. Mrs. Olive E.
Harden, record keeper.

Brotherhood Railway Trainmen—O. C.
Willis, president; E. D. Holden, sec-
retary. Meets second Sunday of each
month at 1:30 p. m. and last Sunday
of each month at 7:30 p. m. in the Red
Men's hall.

Loyal Order of Moose—Fairmont
Lodge No. 9. Meets every Wednes-
day evening at 7:30 o'clock in the
Moose Home, 418 Jefferson street.
R. D. Harden, Sec'y.

Modern Woodmen of America—White
Camp No. 5473, Modern Woodmen
of America. Meets every Friday even-
ing at their hall in the Skinner Bldg.
R. Leigh Fleming, clerk. Modern Wood-
men of America Monongahela Camp
No. 14627. Meets every Monday, 7:30
p. m. Hall on Merchant St. Ralph
Courtney, clerk.

The Protected Home Circle—Fairmont
Circle No. 616. Meets every Mon-
day evening at 7:30 in the Maccabees'
hall, Main street.

A. O. U. W.—Meets on the second and
fourth Monday in each month. J. H.
Kinkead, Sec.; W. A. Crowl, Rep. G.
Lodge Degree of Honor, auxiliary to
the A. O. U. W., meets first and fourth
Monday of each month. Mrs. A. P.
Jones, Lady Chief of Honor.

B. P. O. E.—Fairmont Lodge No. 34.
at 7:30 o'clock. Charles D. Barry, Sec.,
328 High street.

I. O. O. F.—Marion Lodge No. 11.
Meets every Tuesday in Odd Fellows
Hall. W. S. Pitzer, Sec. Palatine
Lodge No. 84. Meets every Wednes-
day evening at 7:30 o'clock in Odd Fel-
lows Hall, corner Main and Monro-
e streets. H. W. Stoneking, Sec'y.

Mountain City Encampment No. 5. Meets
in Odd Fellows Hall on the first and
third Fridays of each month. C. H.
Riggle, Scribe. Patriarchs Militant.
Meets in Odd Fellows Hall Thursday
evenings. J. C. Glasscock, Captain;
W. S. Pitzer, Clerk.

Daughters of Rebekah—West Virginia
Lodge No. 64. Meets every Monday
night at 7:30 o'clock at Odd Fellows
Hall.

Ladies' Order Golden Links—Meets at
Cunningham Hall, Jefferson street.
Fairmont, every Tuesday evening at
7:45. Worthy Ruler, Beatrice Cole.
Fairmont; financial secretary, Mrs.
Martha Short, Baxter.

Masonic—Fairmont Lodge No. 9. Meets
in Masonic Temple first and third
Mondays in each month. Francis E.
Nichols, Sec. Orient Chapter No. 9.
A. M. Meets in Masonic Temple sec-
ond Monday of each month. Francis
E. Nichols, Sec. Crusade Commandery
No. 6, K. T. Meets in Masonic Temple
every fourth Monday. Francis E.
Nichols, Sec. Fairmont Chapter No.
34. O. E. S. Meets in Masonic Temple
first and third Thursday. Helen Flem-
ing, Sec.

Ladies of Modern Maccabees—Dent
Hive No. 753, Ladies of the Modern
Maccabees. Meets the first and third
Fridays of each month in K. of P. Hall.
I. O. of R. M.—Setting Sun Tribe No.
10. Meets each Thursday evening
at Red Men's Hall, First ward. H.
Ernest Hawkins, K. of R. 188 State
street, First ward. Wometa Council
No. 6, Degree of Pocahontas. Meets
every Friday evening at Red Men's
Hall, First ward.

Library Association—The Board of Di-
rectors of the Fairmont Public Li-
brary Association meets in the Library
Parlor the first Monday evening of
each month at 7:30 o'clock. The di-
rectors are: President, Mrs. N. R. C.
Morrow; vice president, Mrs. George
DeBolt; secretary and treasurer, Mrs.
J. Walter Barnes. Other members of
the board are: Mrs. Jennie Enzie, Mrs.
Francis E. Nichols, Mrs. Charles Baird
Mitchell and B. L. Butcher.

Commercial Travelers—Fairmont
Council No. 497, United Commercial
Travelers, meets first Saturday eve-
ning in each month in Maccabee Hall.
L. E. Bennett, Sec'y.

Order of Owls—Fairmont Lodge No.
1022. Meets every Thursday in old
K. of P. Hall, McKinney Bldg. W. H.
Randolph, Sec'y.

Brotherhood Railroad Carmen of
America meets every Wednesday
evening at Red Men's Hall at 7:30.
W. F. Gantz, Pres.; G. A. Sperring, Re-
cording Sec'y.

A. O. H.—Meets every second Sunday
at Knights of Columbus Hall. H.
J. O'Neal, Rec. Sec. Boutlou Divi-
sion, Ladies Auxiliary. Meets first

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cil meets every Monday in old Ma-
sonic Hall, corner Main and Madison
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Woodmen of the World—Meets in K.
of P. Hall, Fleming Bldg., H. T. Jones,
Clerk. 203 Albert Court.

Marion Co. Medical Society—Meets
last Friday of each month in the
Fleming Bldg. President, Dr. L. C.
Holland; vice president, Dr. L. D. Ho-
ward; secretary, Dr. H. R. Johnson;
treasurer, Dr. W. H. Sands; board of
Censors, Drs. L. N. Yost, J. E. Offner,
Wm. F. Boyers; delegates to West
Virginia State Medical Association,
Drs. H. H. Carr, A. L. Peters; alter-
nates, Drs. E. P. Smith, C. W. Wad-
dell.

American Insurance Union—Meets
each second and fourth Tuesday of
the month in the K. of P. Hall on
Main street.

Y. M. C. A.—Fairmont Avenue and
First Street. J. M. Hartley, presi-
dent; B. L. Butcher, Secretary; J. O.
Watson, treasurer.

K. O. T. M.—Showalter Tent No. 7.
Meets every Friday evening in Mc-
Kinney Bldg.

Pythian Sisters—Mountain City Tem-
ple No. 5. Meets every second and
fourth Tuesday evening in K. of P.
Hall in the Fleming Building. Millie
K. Evans, M. of R. and C.

German Beneficial Union—Meets first
and third Thursday of each month
at 7 p. m. All dues and assessments
must be paid on or before the first
day of each month. Ernest Schwan-
er, pres.; August Friedrich, Vice
Pres.; T. J. East, Sec'y.

Knights of the Golden Eagle—Mus-
grave Hall. Meets every second and
fourth Tuesday of each month. J. L.
Shackelford, Master of Records.

Marion Auxiliary to the Brotherhood
of Railroad Trainmen meets every
second and fourth Thursdays of each
month in the Maccabees' hall at 2 p.
m. President, Minnie Hovatter; sec-
retary, Mrs. Ward Hager; treasurer,
Mrs. Jennie N. Hupp.

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